

**THE WEATHER.**  
FORECAST FOR NEXT 24 HOURS.  
**FRI.**  
Fair tonight and probably fair Thursday. Easterly winds, becoming variable.

**THE TRANSCRIPT.**  
**DAILY** and **WEEKLY**, reaches the homes  
of buyers who trade in North Adams. It  
is read by those of all classes whose trade  
is most valuable to merchants.

VOLUME 3.

THE NORTH ADAMS DAILY TRANSCRIPT WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 27 1897.

NUMBER 131

SAMUEL GULLY & CO.

## Local News!

### MORE DEAD DEER

The Judge Shoots Game Until He Concludes That He Is a Slaughterer.

### THE CAMP AND SURROUNDINGS

A Bear Scare and Formation of a Bear Brigade in the Night. The Terrible Rifle Drill That Scared

the Bear Out of the Country.

### CHAPTER II.

#### Greenlow Camp.

To appreciate the good spirits in Camp Greenlow after the first night passed there, one must have slept on a fragrant bed of balsam boughs after a hard day's outing, with the prospect of a fortnight's hunting to begin at the next morning's daybreak. The four hunters and guides were astir early. The roll call showed all to be in the "pink of condition." We will omit the exact wording of that roll call. After breakfast and while the two guides were preparing lunches to be taken on the long tramps prospect, let us look about the camp. It was on the site of an old lumbering camp, the four log buildings of which made our hunting home. One of these buildings, which had been the sleeping quarters of the chopping crew, was fast falling to pieces and its roof let in the sunshine and the rain. The long, low log barn for the accommodation of the lumbermen's horses was still in good repair and stood within two or three steps of our own cabin, where for the first week we slept and ate and where the cooking was done too. It was all of logs and in size about 16x20 feet, the eaves about seven feet from the ground, the roof running to a peak. It was neat and clean. Inside were the two bunks, in one corner of the room, one above the other, and spread with balsam boughs and heavy woolen blankets. There too was the wooden table covered with oil cloth, and the old camp cook stove, piled around with wood. In the corner next the stove, which was opposite the bunks, was the cook's supplies. About the walls were hung coats, belts, guns and what not, while stuck away on the logs everywhere were books, cartridge boxes, pipes, knives, etc. Just to the rear of this log mansion was another still smaller sleeping camp, with just enough room in it for four bunks where eight persons could sleep, and where the guides slept the first week and which the four hunters occupied after that. In it was room, too, for a little box camp stove of sheet iron, and room for a good fire and a little tobacco smoke. That was its limit. Behind these two camps ran a brook of ice-cold spring water coming down from a ridge a half mile to the west, and as it fell over a little cascade it made music for the camp night and day.

#### The First Day's Hunt.

The camp was in a little clearing and an old logging road led by it, east and west, out into the great woods that stretched away unbroken for miles. But we are ready to leave camp now for the first day's hunt. The judge starts with George, the guide, for a series of low hardwood ridges to the south. Rowe is off with "Old Machias" for the Machias river and lake, 10 miles west, while Rob and Spud start for the Greenlow stream. All day the sun shone bright in the great woods and all day the hunters hunted, and at dusk there was a reunion at camp. Judge and his guide came in carrying a fine buck's head and several steaks from a doe. There had been a double killing, and the judge remarked that "this is a good deal like doing business in a slaughter house." "Old Machias" remarked that the editor's shooting of a doe in the middle of the Machias river where it could not be gotten out was no reason for taking a "cow not to shoot any more does forever. "Shoot 'em every time" was "Old Machias'" motto. Rob and Spud kept close to the camp but had several partridges to show for the day's tramp, and a bright fire in the old stove was their welcome to their more belated fellow hunters. How tired we all were, how we ate for almost an hour, how we lit our pipes and listened to Bret Harte's stories for an hour, and how judge won at his new game, must be left to the imagination. It can't be told in print, for it's the bright moon, the great silent forest, the crackling old stove, the sweet scent of balsam, the music of the little brook, and the guides with their chins in their hands on the old log seat, to punctuate the story?

#### Bear and Bumcombe.

All was still in camp, and the two lanterns hanging from the rafters had been put out. Presumably the day's history was at an end, for all four hunters were rolled in their blankets, and the heavy breathing of the two guides in the adjoining tent was all that broke the stillness of the moonlit night. But Rob had to take a farewell peep out of the camp door. A white apparition crossed the floor and noiselessly opened the cabin portcullis which had no lock. "Gee Wil-lkins Goe!" exclaimed the man in white, and Rob was taking down his rifle from the wall. "Get up, boys, I saw him." The boy got up almighty short order. Every rifle was instantly seized, the door again noiselessly opened, and Rob took another look. It was gone. "Well, I saw it out there by the corner of the old shanty, and it was about three feet tall and looked gray." Then Robert had some fun poked at him. But he insisted that he was sober and sane and had seen a big animal near the old shanty. A council of war was summoned, and it was decided to throw a rock over onto the old building and listen. This was done. Rob was right. Off through the bushes dashed

Note the price.

\$1.50 Shirts for \$1

Do you recognize the importance of securing a few at the clearing out sale price.

You are invited to call and examine them.

EXCLUSIVE STYLES,

P. J. Boland,

Boland blk, North Adams

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

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# Five Senses

are these:

**Touch, Taste, Smell,  
Hearing, Sight.**

Suppose you had to give up all but one, which would you retain? Your sight, of course.

Do not neglect this most valuable of all the senses. If you are conscious of any defect whatever in your sight—no matter how slight—do not wait another day.

It will cost you nothing to talk the matter over with us, and have your eyes examined. No effort will be made to sell you glasses unless you need them.

Dr. A. E. Falkenburg of Albany will be in attendance Saturday afternoons to treat special cases.

**L. M. Barnes**

Optician and Jeweler.

**T. W. RICHMOND**

**D. & H.**

LACKAWANNA COAL

**Two Offices  
One Yard  
Two Telephones  
Four Articles**

COAL, WOOD, HAY,  
AND STRAW.

Sold at Lowest Cash  
Prices

Drop me a postal card. It will secure prompt  
attention. Coal thoroughly screened.  
Hay cut for stoves or grates.  
Hay and straw of the best quality.

Office and Yard, Branch Office,  
61 William St., 121 Main St.,  
Telephone, Branch Office 51-2  
Main Office 147-2

NORTH ADAMS

**Savings  
Bank**

Established 1814. 73 Main St.  
adjoining Adams Natl. Bank. Business hours  
10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday till 5 p.m.

John C. Houghton, President, V. A.  
Whitak; Vice-President, William Burton, G.  
L. Rice, W. H. Gaylord; Trustees, A. C. Hough-  
ton, N. J. Sanborn, G. L. Rice, W. A. Gallup,  
E. A. Williams, H. T. Cady, C. H. Cutting, V.  
A. Whittaker, W. H. Gaylord, W. H. Sperry,  
Arthur Robinson, N. L. McIlard, F. A. W. Gay-  
lord, F. A. Wilcoxson.

Board of Investment, G. L. Rice, W. H. Gay-  
lord, F. A. Wilcoxson.

TRY OUR

**Pastry  
...Flour**

We have the  
best. We have  
also a full line  
of BREAKFAST  
CEREALS.

**White & Smith,**

City agents for Shaker bread.

**The Adams  
National Bank**

of NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

Incorporated 1832. Reorganized 1903.

Capital \$500,000  
Surplus, Undivided Profits \$150,000

B. W. BRAYTON, President  
A. C. HOUGHTON, Vice-President  
E. H. CLARKSON, Cashier

Directors: S. E. Houghton, A. C. Houghton,  
F. A. Wilcoxson, V. A. Whitak, Hon. A. B.  
Wright, W. A. Gallup, W. G. Cady, G. W. Chase,  
H. W. Clark.

Accounts and collections  
solicited.

**Wm. H. Bennett,  
Fire Insurance  
Agency...**

2 Adams Natl. Bank Bldg.  
North Adams, Mass.

AGENT FOR

New Eng. Co. of Fire  
Ins. Co. of America  
Hartford, Conn.  
England.

Hanover Fire Assurance Co.

Northwestern Natl. Ins. Co.

Prudential Natl. Ins. Co.

Germany.

UNEQUALLED  
DINING CAR  
SERVICE

VIA

CHICAGO GREAT

E. WESTERN RAILWAY

CHICAGO ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS

GENERAL PASSENGER AND FREIGHT AGENT, CHICAGO

ROYAL BAKING POWDER  
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

# NEW YORK CLOAK AND SUIT CO

Special for  
this week

00 Boucle  
and Kersey  
Jackets,

Lined all through  
with silk and hand-  
somely trimmed

\$8.50 to 18

Other stores ask  
more.

only \$8.50

Call and see them.

Bargains in Skirts this week.

# NEW YORK CLOAK AND SUIT CO

29 Eagle Street, North Adams.

**Green & Waterman's**  
Grand Fall Exhibition of  
**Upholstery Goods, Curtain Ma-**  
**terials, Portieres, and**  
**Wall Coverings.**

A selection of up-to-date colorings and patterns,  
the choicest production of English, French, and German manufacturers. Represented in the collection are many materials of very moderate cost.

**Furniture Warerooms,**  
283 River Street Troy, N. Y.

## Special Sale!

FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY I SHALL OFFER

**Couches**  
from \$6.98 up.

Sale to commence Monday, Oct. 25. Also  
an elegant line of Lamps from \$1.75 up. See  
them in my show windows.

Agent for Acorn stoves and Ranges.

**J. H. Cody's,**  
House Furnisher and Undertaker.  
22 to 30 Eagle Street, North Adams.

**That Overcoat Collar**  
Is it faded or worn? Does the coat  
need refinishing? If it does, bring it here.  
We Clean, Dye and Repair all kinds  
of clothing for men, women and children.  
Gloves cleaned to look nearly as good as new.  
Suits Scoured and Spangled.  
Faded or soiled garments dyed to cover all defects  
and guaranteed fast colors. We call for and deliver goods.  
Postal or telephone ready to use.

**Bianchard's Dye House.**  
Telephone Call 2181. 28 Eagle Street.

New Brand, Just Out.  
HAND MADE

T. M. Calnan  
**TEN CENT** OSCEOLA  
CIGAR  
HAVANA FILLER.  
Sumatra Wrapper.

In union there is strength

Same may be said of our  
Strictly UNION-made Clothing.

This means Style, Fit, Finish, and Durability, which  
can be had in none but UNION-made goods. Our  
counters are laden with this class of goods awaiting  
your inspection. The finest made hats. The finest  
neckwear.

**M. Gatslick,**

RELIABLE CLOTHIER AND GENTS' FURNISHER.  
(LOOK FOR UNION LABEL)

66 Main Street. North Adams, Mass.

Special--

STRICTLY ALL WOOL

**Boucle**  
**Capes,**

Lined all through  
with silk and trim-  
med with best quality  
Thibet fur

only \$10

## COUNCIL MEETING

The Old Main Street Bridge  
Disposed of Tuesday  
Evening.

## ASSIGNED TO HODGE'S CROSSING

The Expense of Building New Abutments and the Erection of the  
Bridge Will be About \$2000.

Thoroughfare Closed.

Mayor's Communi-

cation.

A special meeting of the council was held Tuesday evening and there was a good attendance. It had been called for the purpose of deciding whether the old Main street bridge should be placed over the river at the Hodge crossing.

A communication was received from the mayor and it recommended that the bridge be placed at the Hodge crossing, that new abutments be built and that \$2,000 be transferred from the fund for the Main and State streets bridges to defray the expenses. The communication informed the council that the bridge at the Hodge crossing was closed because it is unsafe for travel and that the highway must be opened with all possible dispatch.

The communication of the mayor was received and then Mr. Cutting introduced an order instructing that the bridge be built over the river at the Hodge crossing and that the sum of \$2,000 be transferred from the new bridge fund for the expenses as proposed. There was a little discussion as to whether it would be best to cut the bridge or leave it at its present length. Mr. Cutting explained the necessity of the bridge at the crossing and Mr. Flagg was of the opinion that the best thing to do was to leave the bridge its present length and this would insure a wide enough span. It was agreed that the span at the Hodge crossing is not wide enough to permit the easy flow of the river in times of floods.

The mayor's communication was as follows: To the Honorable the President and Members of the City Council of North Adams,

GENTLEMEN:—I am informed by the

commissioner of public works that the

bridge across the Hoosac river at what is

known as Hodge's crossing is unsafe and

that he has closed it to public travel. The

bridge is on one of the main highways be-

tween Adams and this city and must be

put in safe condition as soon as possible

and maintained for public use.

The old Phoenix bridge can be used at

this place by taking out one of the panels

and I recommend that this be done. It

will be necessary to rebuild the abutments

at the Hodge crossing as the space between

the present abutments is too narrow for high water and the old abutments

are weak and unstable. It is esti-

mated that it will cost \$2,000 to rebuild

the abutments and place the old Phoenix

bridge in position.

I therefore recommend that the sum of

\$2,000 be appropriated to cover this ex-

pense and be transferred from the unex-

pected balance remaining from the sum

hereafter appropriated to build new

bridges on Main and State streets and that

such appropriation and transfer be

made at this meeting because of the lati-

ness of the session and the necessity of

quickly opening the road.

Yours respectfully,

A. O. HOUGHTON, Mayor.

## Benefit Concert and Dance.

The concert and dance to be held for the benefit of F. E. Macumber, who had his hand injured at Bartlett's saw mill recently, will be held in the Columbia opera house November 17. It is under the auspices of the ideal orchestra of which Mr. Macumber was leader.

## THE TALK OF THE CITY.

It's of Interest to Our Readers Because it Has Reference to North Adams People.

## Hallowe'en Observance.

Cian McIntyre has completed all arrangements for a grand Hallowe'en social to be held in the St. Jean Baptiste hall Friday evening, October 29. The program will consist of a concert and dance with remarks. Also, one of the principal features will be the old Holloween custom of the pot of potatoes, in which there will be four prizes, which will be awarded during the dance. Following is the program:

Scottish Selections on Piano—  
Miss Maggie Mitchell.

Chairman's Remarks—  
Chief Ford.

Song—  
Miss Patton.

Song—  
Prof. Andrews.

Song—  
Miss Maggie Mitchell.

Piccolo Solo—  
Henry Bell and Mr. Fogg.

Remarks—  
Peter McPhail.

Violin Solo—  
T. Smith.

Song and Banjo—  
Harry Brown.

Reading—  
Mrs. R. Patton.

Song—  
F. C. McIntyre.

Song—  
Miss Maggie Mitchell.

Song—  
Prof. Andrews.

Potato pot immediately after concert.

Dancing to follow. Refreshments served by the ladies. All are invited. Admission 25 cents.

## What the Stores Offer.

Sterling silver teaspoons \$2.75 a set and prettily designed, too. Wouldn't our grandmothers have jumped at the chance! Cleghorn makes the offering.

If you sing, read how TRANSCRIPT advertisers are selling goods for a song.

Is there some dark corner in your house that a picture would brighten? Pretty water colors at Burdett & Co.'s 95c.

W. A. Cleghorn reasons thusly: People who say they see no difference between one ton of coal and another have never used Pittston coal.

"Osceola" cigars, T. M. Calnan's new brand, have leaped into popularity at a bound.

Union labor means contented, well-paid labor. Well-paid workers do the best work. Mr. Gatslick makes a point no union-made clothing.

"The real bin's empty" comes the warning from down stairs. The Sykes Hodge & Arnold Co. fill coal bins with well-screened, well-burning coal. Two thousand pounds to the ton.

Sixteen courses of performances every pound promised in TRANSCRIPT ads.

## HER ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

A Wheelwoman's Exciting Race With  
Bruin in Bennington County, Vt.

Miss Josie Longhnan of Jersey City, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. James Davis, near Woodford, Vt., had a lively adventure with a large black bear recently. She is an enthusiastic wheelwoman, and when she came from Jersey City she brought her bicycle with her. She had gone about five miles from her aunt's house and was returning home when she heard the sharp crack of a rifle. That is nothing unusual at this time of the year in Vermont, for the deer season is now open and there are many hunters in the woods. Miss Longhnan would probably not have paid more than passing attention to the shot had she not heard immediately afterward a heavy body crash through the undergrowth skirting the roadside. She turned around and in doing so lost her balance. To save herself from a fall she dismounted. Hardly had she left the wheel when a large black bear burst out of the woods in full view of her. It was evident that the animal was wounded, for it was snorting with rage, and endeavored to lick its left shoulder. Miss Longhnan screamed and made a desperate attempt to remount her wheel. Never before did her wheel behave so disreputably. It wobbled as it never wobbled before, with all the wickedness of an unbridled broncho. At least that is what she thinks it did.

No sooner did the bear see Miss Longhnan than it gave a snort and made a dash for her. Half frightened to death Miss Longhnan made another desperate attempt to mount her wheel, and this time was successful. Just as her feet caught the pedals and the first burst of speed was acquired the bear shot up alongside her and with one dart of his paw tore a jagged piece out of the side of her flapping skirt. The wheelwoman looked down upon the enraged bear and wondered how long the race would last. So long as the bear did not get tangled up in the wheels, and she ran against no obstruction, she was reasonably sure of getting away from the animal. But fate had decreed that Miss Longhnan should escape absolutely unscathed. The bear got over the ground with surprising celerity. Once when rounding a turn in the road the bear drew so near the wheel again that it tore another piece from Miss Longhnan's skirt. The sharp claws even went deeper and scratched Miss Longhnan's leg. At that Miss Longhnan screamed at the top of her voice.

"It's wonder I was not heard in Woodford," she said afterward. "I thought every minute was to be my last."

Luckily for the young woman, the bear did not get mixed up in the wheels of the bicycle. Not a mile had been covered in the race with the bear, yet Miss Longhnan imagined that she had gone at least half way to the New York state line. The bear, though panting hotly, was beginning to gain steadily on her. The excitement of the race was telling on her and she was rapidly losing both nerve and strength. She began to pedal with renewed vigor, but the spurt was made too late. The bear was upon her. Both its forepaws fastened themselves on the hind wheel of the bicycle. The claws sank deep into the tire, and wheel, rider and bear went toppling over; a confused mass, in the dusty highway.

I therefore recommend that the sum of \$2,000 be appropriated to cover this ex-

pense and be transferred from the unex-

pected balance remaining from the sum

hereafter appropriated to build new

bridges on Main and State streets and that

such appropriation and transfer be

made at this meeting because of the lati-

ness of the session and the necessity of

quickly opening the road.

Yours respectfully,

A. O. HOUGHTON, Mayor.

## Beware of Imitations

When Miss Longhnan struggled to her feet she was covered with dust and bleeding from a scratch in the face. Turning about she saw the bear making desperate attempts to free itself from the wheel. Then Miss Longhnan did what few city girls are capable of doing. She climbed a tree. She knew that it would be worse than useless to run away, for it would be long before the bear would be free and after her. How she ever got up that tree she will never be able to tell lucidly. But after desperate struggles and many sobs she got as high as the lower limb, over which she swung herself. In her excitement she forgot that bears can climb trees. It was not until she was perched there that this thought came to her.

"Great goodness! Suppose that bear should climb this tree!" she cried.

The thought made her shudder. Happily for her this occurrence was averted. Just as the bear had succeeded in getting itself untangled from the wheel a pack of hunting dogs ran out onto the road a short distance above. The bear immediately turned tail and fled into the woods on the opposite side of the road, followed by the dogs. A minute later two young hunters came into view. Both were running. When they saw the bicycle they stopped. "I wonder where that bear got this wheel?" said one of the hunters.

"If you please, it's mine," said Miss Longhnan.

The hunter looked around in astonishment.

"I thought I heard a voice, Marley," said he to his companion.

Miss Longhnan slid down the trunk of the tree, rather the worse for her experience, yet relieved to know that her peril was passed. It took few words to tell her story. Beyond the fact that the rear tire was badly punctured the wheel was not much injured.

Miss Longhnan insisted upon trundling the wheel herself to her aunt's home, though she was accompanied the greater part of the way by the two young men, one of whom was from New York and the other from Rutland, this state.—N.Y. Sun.

We have just received a new supply of extra fine quality of hay. Call, write or telephone T. W. Richmond's coal and wood office.

**Weber Bros. "Cut Price"**  
Shoe Stores  
"Big" Store, 82 Main St. "Big" Branch, 19 Eagle St.

98c 98c 98c 98c  
Youths' shoes, sizes 11 to 2. Ladies' shoes, sizes 2 1/2 to 7. Misses' shoes, sizes 11 1/2 to 2. Children's shoes, sizes 1 1/2 to 11.  
10c or fine satin calf, opera toe